ROYAL MAGNIFICENCE;

OR THE

EFFUSIONS of TEN DAYS:

A DESCRIPTIVE AND

SATIRICAL POEM,

IN THREE CANTOS.

ON THE

Subject of His Majesty's late Visit to Worcester,

On the SIXTH of AUGUST, 1788.

SUNT, QUOS CURRICULO PULVEREM OLYMPICUM
COLLEGISSE JUVAT. HORACE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

Sold by J. BEW, Bookseller, PATERNOSTER-ROW; H. GARDNER, STRAND;
And W. RICHARDSON, under the ROYAL-EXCHANGE.

M.DCC.LXXXVIII.

(PRICE TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.)

BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA ·

TO THE

REVIEWERS.

GENTLEMEN,

THOUGH, for the reaſons aſſigned in my Preface, I truſt you will acquit me of oſtentation, I know not of any perſons, in the republic of letters, whoſe commendations of the production I now take the liberty of preſenting you, could make me ſo juſtly vain: And, as I have been already happy enough to obtain, among ſome faults which you found in two former, and indeed only, poetical compoſitions I ever made public, a ſmall portion of your encomium, I flatter myſelf, that the preſent work, compoſed with infinitely more haſte, will therefore be entitled to your candour and indulgence.

The Author has been of late ſo much acquainted with the inſtability of Fortune, in thoſe favours which ſhe confers on the illegitimate

illegitimate ſpawn of ſelf-love, that, ſhould you, at laſt, approve of this ſlender performance, your approbation will really

" Come unlook'd for, if it comes at all."

Not doubting, therefore, either your abilities to diſtinguiſh, or your juſtice to commend, what is really deſerving of praiſe, I beg leave to ſubſcribe myſelf,

GENTLEMEN,

Your moſt obedient Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THE praiſes of our Auguſtus have already been the theme of a few bards on the farther ſide of the Severn; and, when it is found, that the author of the following Poem really had no other view in its compoſition than the love, as Milton calls it, of "Sacred Song," he hopes it will, like Virtue, be allowed to be its own reward.

The Muſe of the author, until his Majeſty's arrival at Worceſter, like an old toy, had long been laid aſide; and ſhe now comes before the public, not ſo much with a view to her own vanity and gratification, as with an idea, that ſo popular a ſubject will be, to the amateurs of the Court, an object of ſome little entertainment.

Though ſatire is, to every writer, a very invidious taſk, he knew not how he could have written on the preſent ſubject, in any other ſpecies of poetry, with ſo much glee and good humour: And, though the ſubjects of the King have been handled with a great deal of freedom, it was never his intention to ſubject his Majeſty to the leaſt ridicule or miſrepreſentation. As he did not, thank God, write for the meridian of Worceſter, nothing but the rankeſt *ſtupidity* can torture a general ſatire into a private lampoon; and give the inhabitants of that city an excluſive right to thoſe ſhafts which were poured upon the multitude at large. His reſolution of writing this Poem had not been taken but a very few hours before it was put into execution; and, when the work commenced, he was imperceptibly led on from one hundred lines to another; and ſhould ſtill, with pleaſure, have continued it, had he not been informed, that, with the explanatory notes, ſince added, he ſhould make it too unwieldy for immediate publication. As the three Cantos were compoſed within the ſpace of only ten days, when he was engaged by other matters, and have been ſince printed, reviſed, and

corrected, without the interpoſition of a ſingle literary friend, he hopes that this circumſtance, ſhould any inaccuracies appear, will be received for them as a very juſt extenuation. Having been ſo happy as to poſſeſs a perſonal acquaintance with Mr. Swift, of the city of Worceſter, he ſincerely regrets that he had not an opportunity of ſubmiting this production, at a proper time, to his peruſal, as he is conſcious his very refined taſte and claſſical attainments would have enabled him to have corrected ſeveral things well worthy of critical animadverſion. Being debarred this felicity, he can only ſubmit it to the reader with that very good natured, and often cited, paſſage of Horace, in his Epiſtle to the Piſos :

——— ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis.

Had time, however, been allowed him, it was his intention to have introduced perſonages of a ſtill more general deſcription, politicians, mal-contents, and projectors, not omiting all the race of wizards, fortune-tellers, muſicians, and court-flies; and, after ſhaking all theſe together, either to have thrown them out as fit patterns of imitation, or, after diſcovering the flaws of their different underſtandings, to have had them very publicly trepanned. The rights of Parnaſſus being as ſacred to the bard as were thoſe of Magna-Charta to the firſt Barons, it is his intention to protect them from prophanation; and ſhould he unintentionally have given offence to any perſon, who may have ſet a miſtaken value upon his conſequence, and may demand ſatisfaction, he begs leave to declare, that it is his intention to afford it; and that as theſe thoughts were not, by any ſecond perſon, drove into him, ſo neither ſhall they, by a whole hoſt, be driven out.

If he ſhould, however, have pained the feelings of any worthy character, he ſhall be happy to yield to rational and gentle expoſtulation; but to any of a more violent nature, he intends to ſtand as unſhaken as did the fortifications of old Troy or thoſe of Gibraltar.

ROYAL

ROYAL
MAGNIFICENCE.

CANTO I.

IN coldeſt breaſts Promethean paſſions glow,
And men, like children, love to gaze at ſhow.
Corals and bells amuſe our infant years,
But riper age maturer folly bears:
While ſome on drums and coronations dream,
A REGAL FOLLY is the Muſe's theme: ---
What time the King to Worceſter bent his way;
When all the Serious mingled with the Gay:

Line 1. — PROMETHEAN PASSIONS GLOW.] Prometheus is allowed, by the antient Fabuliſts, to have ſtolen fire from heaven; but how far it may be applied to the ſenſe in which I now uſe it, I am not at liberty to diſcuſs,

When all the houſes out of windows came,
And coldeſt boſoms glow'd with patriot flame.

Here John, at Wulſtan's tomb, in weeds array'd,
Thrice, in the dark of night, his penance paid.
Here, Superſtition rul'd the abject mind,
And ſtill has left ſome proſelytes behind.
This Woreeſter ſaw a hapleſs Stuart beat,
And bore the curſed prints of Cromwell's feet;

When

Line 9. — WHEN ALL THE HOUSES OUT OF WINDOWS CAME.] The houſes were not actually thrown out of the windows; but the commotion, on this occaſion, was quite ſufficient to juſtify ſo extraordinary an hyberbole. It reminded the author, and ſome of his friends, of that lively deſcription of Bolingbroke's firſt entrance into London, in the play of Richard the Second; and a figure which Shakeſpear uſes, upon that occaſion, is juſt as far-fetched, if I recollect right, as is this, the object of our preſent diſcuſſion. — "*Cœlum terræ, terram cœlo miſcere.*" — LIV.

Line 11. — HERE JOHN, AT WULSTAN'S TOMB.] King John, ſays Mr. Green, in his Survey of Worceſter, came to Worceſter in September, and performed his devotions at the tomb of St. Wulſtan; to which, ſince the year 1201, great reſort had been made, on account of the fame of the miracles ſaid to be wrought there. The King gave to the monaſtery one hundred marks, towards re-building their cloiſters and offices. Collier likewiſe informs us, that he kept his Chriſtmas there.

Line 14. — AND STILL HAS LEFT SOME PROSELYTES BEHIND.] There are at Worceſter ſeveral different ſects of religious perſons, — Methodiſts, Quakers, Anabaptiſts, Preſbyterians, and Independents: But it would be as illiberal to ſuppoſe all theſe the children of Superſtition as it would be to impute all the learning of the times to the black Gentlemen of the cloiſter.

When Mayors could wield their weapons in a fray; 17
Not, coward-like, aſſaſſinate a play.
Bear me, kind Muſe, to reach yon Royal ſhade,
Where once a King invok'd a Dryad's aid.

'Twas

Line 15. — ..... A HAPLESS STUART BEAT.] Charles the Second; who, for a great while, ſupported his claims againſt the Uſurper, with manly fortitude and perſeverance; and who was, at laſt, entirely defeated in the battle of Sidbury.

Line 16. — AND BORE THE CURSED PRINTS OF CROMWELL'S FEET.] Since I wrote the above, I peruſed the following paſſage, from the Survey of Worceſter, p. 193. — Lambarde, a famous antiquary and hiſtorian, who wrote cotemporary with Cambden, makes this remark, in his ſhort account of this city, that he had never met with a place that had ſo great experience in the calamities of the inteſtine broils of the kingdom, and other caſual diſaſters, as the city of Worceſter. If, as he hath obſerved, it then ſtood foremoſt in the liſt of misfortunes, how much more ſo does it, ſince Cromwell exhibited his horrid ſcene of devaſtation and ruin here? This was indeed a ſeal which has confirmed its claim, as ſuperior in experimental miſery to any of the inland cities in this kingdom: *And which ſcene of devaſtation the author might likewiſe have added, was the means of beating away a part of the ruſt which, at this day, encompaſſes moſt of our old towns, and poliſhing Worceſter into its preſent elegant and amiable appearance.* We may ſafely conclude, he proceeds, none of the moſt renowned of them wiſh to rival it in this particular; and we may hope, it will continue in this precedency without farther trial.

Line 18. — NOT, COWARD-LIKE, ASSASSINATE A PLAY.] This alludes to the Mayor's late exertion of power in ſhutting the doors of the Theatre.

Line 20. — WHERE ONCE A KING INVOK'D A DRYAD'S AID.] This line adverts to the oak in Perry-wood, near Worceſter, in which King Charles the Second, after his unfortunate rencounter, concealed himſelf from the bloodhounds of the Uſurper. — Mr. Richard Pendrill is the gentleman mentioned, to whom the King was ſo perſonally obliged; and who, after reſpectfully entertaining him at his houſe, was the means of having

"Twas then, amid thoſe fields of civil ſtrife,
There ſtood a tree, well call'd the tree of life!
Here let me perch, here reſt my weary wing;
And, in deep woods, of courts and pageants ſing.
But, hark! in air, what ſharps and diſcords float;
Is that the Bell-Man's or the Screech-Owl's note?
Did it not ſay, or harſhly ſeem to ſay,
" Ye Men of Worceſter take your filth away?
" Ere 'morrow's ſun ſhall ſet, the King will ride
" To this great town, with all a monarch's pride!"
Behold the woods, in deep attention, bend!
I thought I knew the ſcreamings of my friend.
And now a rural neatneſs marks the ſcene;
Ambitious Phillis rubs her windows clean.

Kind

ving him conveyed, in ſafety, to France. At the Reſtoration, he graciouſly rewarded Mr. Pendrill, for his ſervices, confirming to him and his heirs, perpetually, an annuity of One Hundred Pounds per annum; which, at the rate of money, at that day, to a private gentleman, might certainly be conſidered a very handſome return.

Line 26. — Is THAT THE BELL-MAN'S, &c.] This is Mr. Charles Lee, a dreſſer of tow by profeſſion; and, in truth, a very reſpectable perſon. The night before the arrival of the King, he bawled out his commiſſion from the Juſtices, nearly in the manner in which it is expreſſed in the lines enſuing.

Kind Dames their plumbs in rum and brandy ſteep;
And holes are bored, where little chits may peep.
With wreaths, long ſince, they ſtrew'd the Royal buſt;
And deeps are broken up to lay the duſt.
Now let, my friends, unbatter'd ſalvers ring,
With cake, and ſweet wine, and God ſave the King!
The Royal Pleaſure is to find you drunk;
And, more and more the wine, ſtill more the ſpunk.
Gaze on, my friends, your King with tranſport meet;
Your King will ſcatter gold in every ſtreet!
His Aſian camels, loaded with rupees,
Will make you dance, and pay the piper's fees.
His elephants with long, but learned, ſnout,
Will merit find, but find the blockhead out:

His

Line 36. — AND HOLES ARE BORED, &c.] I did not detect above one perſon, on this occaſion, with a gimblet; and he happened to be a little, but a *cunning* little, fellow; who was, from his unfortunate protuberance of back, diſtinguiſhed by the appellation of MY LORD. At this peep-hole our little nobleman took his ſtand.

Line 47. — HIS ELEPHANTS, &c.] The ſagacity of the elephant has been ſo frequently admitted, from the remoteſt antiquity to the preſent times, by the greateſt of poets and hiſtorians, that it will not, perhaps, be unentertaining to relate the following ſtories from the ingenious Montaigne; which I, however, verily believe to have been very palpable facts. After giving an inſtance of the addreſs of the raven, he obſerves, that this action is ſomewhat of kin to what Juba, a king of their nation, relates of the elephants; who,

 when,

His very groom, if omen'd dreams be true, 49
Look, at a glance, the Corporation through!
Unmuzzl'd lions, by his ſide, he'll lead,
Which bring to light each black, atrocious, deed.

When

when, by the craft of the hunter, one of them has been taken in a trap, compoſed of a deep pit, prepared for them, and covered over with bruſh, to deceive them, all the reſt, with great diligence, bring a great many ſtones, and logs of wood, to raiſe the bottom, ſo that he may get out. But this animal, in ſeveral other effects, comes ſo near to human capacity, that, ſhould I particularly relate, ſays the author, all that experience hath declared to us, I ſhould eaſily have granted, what I uſually maintain, namely, that there is more difference between ſuch and ſuch a man, than betwixt ſuch a man and ſuch a beaſt. Mr. Locke, if I recollect right, gives this, likewiſe, as his opinion. As it would treſpaſs too far on the patience of my reader, to empty the remainder of my common place-book on this ſubject, and in this place, I ſhall conclude with the laſt inſtance of this animal's ſagacity, related by Montaigne; which, wonderful to be told, was in an elephant, who was rival to Ariſtophanes the Grammarian, in the love of a young herb-wench, in the city of Alexandria, who was nothing behind him, in all the offices of a very paſſionate ſuitor.

Line 49. — HIS VERY GROOM, &c.] Had it been one of the grooms, I obſerved, a year or two ago, at the Mew's-Gate, he might have ſmelt as well as looked them through. For he had, in the firſt place, all the grimneſs of the giant Magog; and, in the next, a proboſcis, in conſequence of brandy drinking, I ſuppoſe, as large as one of the elephaht's of Hannibal or either of the Scipios.

Line 51. — UNMUZZL'D LIONS, BY HIS SIDE, &c.] Leſt the author ſhould be condemned for giving ſo ſtrange an account of the lion, in his conduct and deportment to young ladies, let them recollect, when they laſt read to their mamma, that extraordinary account of one, in one of Mr. Addiſon's Spectators; who, after having a thorn, a few years before, drawn from his foot, by ſome poor unhappy man, whoſe fate it afterwards

was

When maids have kept their maiden virtue pure,
What won't theſe beaſts, from maiden hands, endure!
But, ſhould they break Diana's brittle laws,
What ſaint can guard the victims from their paws!
The ſop which charm'd the barking dog of hell,
Could ne'er the rage of ramping lions quell.
With roarings, which the Muſe, with horror, ſpeaks,
They'd tear the ſoft carnations from their cheeks:
In hungry church-yards, ſtrew their mangl'd limbs,
In parts as various as a woman's whims.
Ere they arrive, ye frail one's fly before;
Though not a huſband's, dread a lion's roar.

Let

was to be thrown before him, by the order of an inhuman tyrant, he generouſly refuſed to attack him; and, inſtead of diſpatching this his preſerver, with a good ſtomach, began to fawn and to careſs him. To ſhew, that the author does not play with ſuch counters for nothing, he will really aſſure them, that they might as well expoſe themſelves to the bite of a mad dog, as come, without their maiden pledge, before an unmuzzled lion. his reminds him of a ſtory of a lady; who, after keeping a young lion whelp about her houſe, for ſome time, with as much *ſans froid* as ſhe would have kept a lap-dog, ſuffering it to lie at her feet, that nothing could divert it from this gentle and pacific diſpoſition, but ſome improper junketings, which, at this time, began to take place in the houſe. The natural conſequence of which was, that as ſoon as it began to roar, to detect the offenders, it was ordered, under a ſtrong guard, to the Tower. To thoſe, who are particularly curious in this ſavage phenomenon, the author will, in another place, and at another time, give it a very candid ſolution.

Let, now, your grand illuminations blaze;
Let wheels go round, and rockets burſt, in rays!
Let coloured lights fantaſtic wreaths prepare;
Such regal wreaths a Monarch's ſelf might bear!
Let Bacchus, through the town, his barrels roll;
And, to the King, twelve bulls be roaſted whole:
Their crumpl'd horns, with virgin gold, be dreſs'd:
Frown, o'er the Hall, and, awful, grace the feaſt!
And thou, Sir Edmund Maſon, man of might;
Child of the ſtars! my Muſe's beſt delight!

Whoſe

Line 67. — FANTASTIC WREATHS PREPARE.] The wreaths over Mr. Maule's houſe, at the Crown-Inn, in Broad-Street, upon this occaſion, were well fancied; and, if he had had time, would have been well executed; but, what eminently diſtinguiſhed him, in a manner much above his brethren of the barrel and larder, were ſome very reſpectable lines, in compliment to the Royal Family; which were affixed, in large letters, a little under the lights.

Line 73. — AND THOU, SIR EDMUND MASON.] An old and moſt reſpectable Knight, of that name, of the order of the Black Eagle, and of the Poker, who divides his time between the cities of Hereford and Worceſter. Upon the report of the Sovereign's appearing at the laſt mentioned city, no perſon expreſſed more loyal ſatisfaction than Sir Edmund; who, mounting a very ſplendid cockade, and putting on a handſome ſuit of ſcarlet, trimmed with gold lace, began to prance, and to expreſs every poſſible token of delight. As the brains of the great Ptolomy, however, the corrector of the ſphere, were ſuppoſed to have been twirled a little out of their place, by the unthinking herd of mankind; and, as both Achimedes, the inventor of new glaſſes; and Gallileo, the diſcoverer

Whoſe ample treaſures ſhall, in time, renew
The lacking veins of ore of vaſt Peru:
Whoſe paper-credit all the world ſhall hail,
And found a bank, if England's bank ſhould fail!
Do thou, great Sir, the gracious Monarch ſeek;
And, for the Mayor, and theſe, his brethren, ſpeak!
Unus'd to Courts, like owls, that love the night,
How ſhould they bear ſuch burſts of regal light?
Let cuckold ſwains from hence, with ſcorn, be driv'n;
As maim'd, disfigur'd, Vulcan was from heav'n:
Do thou, Sir Ned, the grand proceſſion lead;
And purge the city of ſo groſs a weed.
What e'er the pow'rs, eccentric, of thy mind,
Thy head was never of the bull-ram kind.

With

coverer of new worlds, laboured under the ſame mental aſperſion, ſo there have been likewiſe thoſe, who have not ſcrupled to affirm, that the ſoul of the Knight of the Poker labours under the ſame ſtate of human debility.

Line 75. — WHOSE AMPLE TREASURES, &c.] Being in poſſeſſion of a vaſt number of bank-bills, and ſome to the amount of ſome millions, no one can pleaſe him better than by changing them into caſh; but, as they are drawn upon his Majeſty the King of Pruſſia, we know no inſtance in which Sir Edmund has been ſo happy as to render them negotiable. For farther particulars reſpecting this great and very extraordinary man, I muſt ſolicit the reader to refer to his life, which I very ſoon, with that of John Kyrle, Man of Roſs, intend to preſent to the public, and to the Society of Anti-

With china veſſels, cups and ſaucers, free,
Be ready, Flight, to catch the Royal tea:
On every diſh, let fancied Cupids play;
But yet their fingers on their lips, I pray;
To ſhew how Silence, on the throne, ſhould ſit;
And Love itſelf conceal the ſchemes of Pitt!

Watkins,

quarians in particular, as two of the greateſt curioſities, except the Ourang-Outang, from the woods, of America, of modern time.

Line 88. — THY HEAD WAS NEVER OF THE BULL-RAM KIND.] Of this, I confeſs, I have lately had ſome reaſon to doubt; for, though he was never a married man, the laſt time I did myſelf the pleaſure of ſaluting him, by taking off my hat, he preſented his head, which was adorned with a ſort of montero cap, like that mentioned by Yorick, on the cranium of Corporal Trim, in ſo very queſtionable ſhape, that, I really expected him to butt.

Line 91. — BE READY, FLIGHT, TO CATCH THE ROYAL TEA.] His Majeſty's generoſity to Mr. Flight, of the great china-ſhop, in the High-ſtreet, on this occaſion, by purchaſing a great deal of his china, has been already, I believe, very generally mentioned.

Line 94. — AND LOVE ITSELF CONCEAL THE SCHEMES OF PITT.] Mecænas, the great miniſter of Auguſtus Cæſar, and a patron of the Muſes, is ſaid to have committed but one great fault; which was, the truſting of a ſecret of high conſequence to his wife; but his maſter, though uxorious, made his own frailty more excuſable, by generouſly forgiving that of his favourite.

Line 95. — WATKINS, ASSIST, &c.] This perſon, who keeps the carpet-manufactory, in Silver-ſtreet, received likewiſe, with Mr. Flight, much indulgence from the King.

Watkins, aſſiſt, with royal fillets bound,
To carpet all the country, twelve miles round.
With figures, ſtrange and vaſt, there ſtrike the man,
Like Chineſe phantoms, on a lady's fan!
Let ſhips, through ſeas here ſail, in naval pride;
And Jemmy Twitcher at the helm preſide.
There, let the King his Worceſter ſubjects meet,
And loom all Britain's foes beneath his feet.

Thou, Holl, with books, a gracious off'ring bring;
Fair England's ſtoried page ſhall charm the King;
With gold and azure ſilks their covers grace,
That George may view his own illuſtrious race!
So to Æneas did his ſons appear;
And Holl himſelf ſhall be Anchiſes here.

The

In conſequence of this viſit, he has been permitted to affix the Royal-Arms to his door, and to take upon himſelf the title of a ſhop-keeper to his Majeſty. An additional proof, among many, that the King does not travel in vain.

Line 100. — AND JEMMY TWITCHER, &c.] A late great and well known Lord of the Admiralty.

Line 105. — WITH GOLD AND AZURE SILKS THEIR COVERS GRACE.] Mr. Holl, printer and ſtationer, in the High-ſtreet, (whoſe elegant illuminations have been deſcribed

The Town-Hall labours with prodigious throes,
As when, from mountains high, a mouſe aroſe;
On either ſide, the ſculptur'd Monarchs caſt,
Start into life, and graſp their ſceptres faſt:
Their crowns, new gilded, meet the glitt'ring ſun;
The hapleſs Stuarts beam, for once, with fun.
With looks ſo bright the Corporation ſhine,
When City-feaſts the Corporation dine;
When into curd ſome Nemo turns the Hall;
Or, with a ſwinging cuſtard, feaſts them all.

The

ſcribed already in the public prints,) does the printing for the muſic-meetings; and had the honour of binding the various Oratorios and Miſcellaneous Concerts for the uſe of Their Majeſties and the Princeſſes; which were executed in a peculiar ſtyle of perfection, being maſterly finiſhed with azure ſilk covers, highly ornamented with royal and faſhionable devices, in variegated gold.

Line 110. — As WHEN, FROM MOUNTAINS, &c.] Parturient montes, naſcetur ridiculus mus. — HOR. EPIST. PISOS.

Line 112. — ON EITHER SIDE THE SCULPTUR'D MONARCHS CAST.] The figures of Charles the Firſt and Second.

Line 114. — THE HAPLESS STUARTS, &c.] Though the hiſtories of England and Scotland are full of the diſaſters of the unfortunate houſe of Stuart, it is not our intention to enlarge upon them here. I ſhall, juſt, however, remind the reader of the very remarkable words of Voltaire upon this occaſion, who obſerves, let thoſe private perſons, who conſider their own ſituations unfortunate, reflect, for a moment, upon the calamities of this the moſt miſerable of the royal race.

The coach prepar'd, Sir Lumpiſh leaves his ſeat,
Smit with the charms of muſic and of —— meat.
Ardent to ſhine, amidſt the public ſhow,
Sir Clod, to Worceſter, rides his old Gee-ho ; —
Gee-ho, with beſt foot forth, exerts his pow'r ;
And, like a ſnail, crawls juſt two miles an hour.

Flora, and Deborah, her maiden aunt,
For the ſame goal with equal fury pant.
No more their hands, within chateau or bow'r,
Draw the rich ſilk, to form the vivid flow'r ;
No more young Blood's, or old Sir Truſty's cloaths,
To their kind care a maiden neatneſs owes ;
The young, and old nymph too, muſt have her ſwing,
And feaſt her eyes on nothing but the King.

Young madam Homeſpun, pregnant with an heir,
Longs, like the reſt, to joſtle and to ſtare!

Line 117. — WHEN INTO CURD SOME NEMO TURNS THE HALL.] Mr. Nemo is a gentleman who, we dare ſay, is already well known to the reader. Should they, however, be unacquainted, we will refer him to one of thoſe delightful little volumes of Mr. Newberry, which he may, probably, ſtill find prettily gilded, in the library of his grandmother.

In your condition, Madam, cries the Squire,
A thought like this may fet a man on fire!
'Tis not, replies the Dame, ſo ſtrange a rig;
Our Monarch loves to ſee a woman big.
As every huſband does not now ſucceed,
Perhaps the —— will knight you for the deed.
Make you, I hope, with T--------w W------s ſhine,
And madam Homeſpun every thing divine.

Why ſhould the Muſe the doleful tale betray,
How fans were broke, and ſilks were ſpoilt, to-day?
How ſome from church debarr'd, and royal rout,
Rubb'd their hung ears, and ſcratch'd their heads, without;
How chairs defil'd, became a public ſcoff,
When ſilly ſervants took the covers off:
How little clergy prigs, unknown to fame,
Loſt their ſmart curls, and were conſign'd to ſhame.
How many wigs, aloft, were hurl'd in air,
Great buſhy wigs, which left the Doctors bare!

Ev'n

Line 141. — C----s T-----w W-----s, Eſq.] Who was, by the Sovereign, knighted, on this occaſion.

Line 152. — GREAT BUSHY WIGS, WHICH LEFT THE DOCTORS BARE.] Whatever thinneſs or deficiency of intellects a great buſhy wig may, ſometimes, conceal, we cannot

Ev'n Hurd himſelf had been expos'd to view,
But for the bays, which round his temples grew!
The bun, o'erbak'd, proclaims the K--g's approach;
And mouths, extended, threat the royal coach;
The dinner ſpoilt, the cook well curs'd, beſide,
And plates and diſhes, broke, beſtrew the tide.
And ſee, to bear the royal glories high,
The humming market teems a perfect ſtye:
So did the Roman Forum once beſtow
Honours, on thoſe who laid the common foe.

As

not help preferring it to that ton-like appearance, which the heads of our modern divines have thought proper to aſſume. If it be not inconſiſtent with the clerical character, and almoſt, I was going to ſay, with manhood, we have ſtrangely confounded our ideas of right and wrong, and flung down the pales which ſhould ſeparate things ſacred from prophane. We have ſometimes known the great and pleaſing effects of a head well covered, or a ſtraight head of hair, decently diſpoſed; but never, in our lives, could expect anything of a coxcomb parſon. Theſe are the *things* which Mr. Cooper has ſo well characteriſed in his Poems,

"Who trip up into the pulpit, and then trip down again."

Line 153. — EV'N HURD HIMSELF, &c.] The preſent amiable, learned, and ingenious Biſhop of Worceſter; who ſets indeed a very bright example, as well to his own dioceſe as to the clergy in general.

Line 160. — THE HUMMING MARKET TEEMS A PERFECT STYE.] This line is not intended to throw any reflection on the city, which is one of the cleaneſt I ever beheld, but on the great drove of ſwine, as well as ſmall pigs, which were brought here on this occaſion, as if pettitoes and chitterlins were to have been ſome of the delicacies at the board of the Royal Pilgrims.

As the preſs'd multitudes, in whirlpools, throng,
Juſt ſo the Rhone his waters pours along!
Geryon-like, theſe eyes, with horror, ſpy'd
Three farmer's ſons one ſingle horſe beſtride!
Another ſteed, with labour, ſeem'd to fail,
As one it bore to head, and one to tail!
Now, cheek by jowl, come honeſt John and Joan;
As once did Beſs, who rul'd the Britiſh throne;
When, midſt her Worceſter peers, ſhe flung her cawl,
And, like a virtuous Queen, did bleſs them all.
Three bouncing women did one buggy fill,
And ſlowly mov'd, like griſt, to yonder mill!
Jehu, who drove his chariot, mad with ire,
Like thoughtleſs Phæton, ſet the wheels on fire!

Now,

Line 165. — GERYON-LIKE, &c.] Forma tricorporis umbræ. — ÆNEID, b. vi.

Line 171. — WHEN, MIDST HER WORCESTER PEERS, &c.] Queen Eliſabeth, ſays Green, did the City of Worceſter the honour of her preſence; at which time, among other benefactions, ſhe made a grant of free-bench to the widows of the freemen of the city; by which they are empowered to enjoy all the real and perſonal eſtate of their deceaſed huſbands, within the liberties of the city, during their lives, in preference to any claim that may be made, by either creditors or any other claimants whatſoever, in caſes of inſolvency or otherwiſe. Her ſpeech to the populace, is preſerved in the MS. Notitia of the late Chancellor Price, in the Biſhop's library, at Hartlebury. It is well to mention, that Green compoſed his Survey of Worceſter, though there are ſome things new in it, a good deal from a former one, by Thomas.

Now, while the crowds, in ceaſeleſs numbers flow,
Ye preachers, loud, the Goſpel-trumpet blow!
Tell them their ſins, of earth's corrupting things,
Who is king George before the King of kings?
Now, Rowland H-ll thy trophies wide diſplay;
And give, quite Stentor-like, thy lungs their way.
Whate'er thy words, or doctrines e'er have been,
Thy pulpit-forge and bellows have I ſeen!
Witneſs'd how far damnation thou could'ſt throw,
And red-hot balls, like Elliot, on the foe.
Ne'er mind them, H-ll, but ply thy *up*-hill work,
In all the wild varieties of B---e.
Box well the air, the pulpit cuſhion beat;
And quaint compariſons ſhall do the feat;

Draw

Line 181. — Now, R. H-LL, &c.] Mr. H-ll came to Worceſter, on this occaſion, but his congregations were not anſwerable to his expectations. Should Sir R. H-ll condemn the freedoms here taken with his brother, the author will be very happy, at a convenient opportunity, as a well-meant compenſation, to ſing of the charms of Hawkſtone; with which, and its owner, he is already, in ſome degree, acquainted.

Line 190. — AND QUAINT COMPARISONS SHALL DO THE FEAT.] Mr. Rowland H-ll has been known to compare the kingdom of heaven, yea, verily, unto a buttock of beef. He has ſometimes, in the courſe of a diſcourſe, laid us down three courſes, of twelve or ſixteen covers each; and, after making his congregation lick their lips, has tortured material ſubſtances into ſpiritual allu ſions, ſo foreign from the ſubject, as to ex-

Draw the wild crowds, that preſs around a throne,
And ſnugly form a ſenate of thy own.

Not we alone our Sovereign's heels purſue,
Here come, in tribes, the Arab and the Jew;
Moſes, to ſee his ſabbath ſo prophan'd,
Looks, like a ſlave, to ſome old galley chain'd;
Sighs, from his ſoul, atteſts the vacant air,
And cries, to Saul, "What dogs theſe Chriſtians are!"
Acroſs his goat, from mountains, rudely wild,
Sir Morgan comes, the ſport of ev'ry child!
Acroſs the Tweed, acroſs the Iriſh ſeas,
O'Hara brave, and Sawney ſly M'Fees.
Ten guinea beds our diſtant travels crown;
And landlord-auctioneers plump knock us down.
But now the ſun, in burniſh'd ſplendor, ſets;
And tips, with gold, the plate of rich buffets.

Around

cite a very general grin. If the bel-wether himſelf, who leads the flock, makes ſuch a confounded jingling in the paſture, does he not expect that every ſatiriſt has a right to break into his fold?

Line 195. — MOSES, TO SEE HIS SABBATH SO PROPHAN'D.] In going to Hartlebury, the King paſſed through Worceſter on a Saturday; which, it is well known, is the ſabbath of the Jews. On this occaſion, I had the felicity of a few minutes converſation with Mr. Saul and Moſes.

Around her ſphere, the moon begins to wheel,
Spinning chimæras, in her nightly reel;
Night, on the abbey-clock, now ſtrikes the hour;
And huſh'd her ravens, in their topmoſt tow'r;
When, hark the trumpets, and the roll of drums;
Our Monarch comes, indeed, indeed, he comes;
Alas! not like that Greek, who, through his gates,
Bore the vaſt trophies of a hundred ſtates;
But the pure huſband, in domeſtic life,
Who Scripture takes, and cleaves unto his wife.
Now crowds, hemm'd up, o'erflow the clam'ring ſtreets;
Like croaking rooks, exil'd their manſion ſeats.
All orders preſſing, without file or ranks,
In various ways, play various different pranks.

Here

Line 212. — . . . INDEED, INDEED, HE COMES.] The people of Worceſter, having an idle notion, that the King would come to that city a day or two ſooner than he did, the landlord of the Hop-pole inn, Mr. Wilkins, took the advantage of it, and making one of his men, in the king's livery, mount a horſe, ordered him to go the back way out of town, and then, ungirting the ſaddle, to gallop back through the principal ſtreets, with all poſſible expedition. It had the effect he deſired, and the cry from one to another was, Did not I tell you ſo, Now will you believe it? &c.

Line 213. — ALAS! NOT LIKE THAT GREEK, &c.] Alexander the Great, king of Macedon, and afterwards ſaid to have been nearly that of the whole world.

Here peaſants ruſh, here Lords, more bold and free,
Arm'd at all points, exactly cap-a-pié.
Farmers, right rough, like oxen, from the gears;
Miſſes of men, and female grenadiers;
Peers with their ſtars, and children with their toys,
Eager to ſhow their loyalty, by noiſe.

END of CANTO I.

CANTO II.

SCARCE had the glow-worm pal'd her trembling light,
And Morn put on her faireſt robe of white;
Scarce had the glaſs-drop, from well rubb'd bureau,
With rays of orient pink, began to glow;
Scarce day, moſt monarch-like, reſum'd his crown,
And, like a Nabob, look'd indignant down;
Scarce Love had ſpent his ſhafts, acutely keen;
And drawn aſide the Night's myſterious ſkreen;
Scarce had the fleſh-bruſh, with its morning charm,
Rubb'd the dead limb, to keep the dead limb warm;
Scarce Ma'am had jolted on her chamber horſe,
Probing her old diſorders to their ſource;

When

Line 10. — RUBB'D THE DEAD LIMB TO KEEP THE DEAD LIMB WARM.] Homer, Virgil, Horace, and, indeed, moſt of the great poets, have ſet us the example of making, as Mr. Pope obſerves, the ſound an echo to the ſenſe. Whether this line does not beget a numbneſs in the reader, and is not a very lively type of mortality, I will be judged by my critics. The repetition of the words, "dead limb," I hope will be admitted as ſuch.

G.

When up roſe the King, who roſe the firſt of men;
~~And, like a lion, BOLTED from his den.~~
Now, acclamations loud the palace ſhake;
And, from the arms of ſleep, the Princeſs-Royal wake!
Paternal fondneſs all her care beguiles;
And, like the Morning too, ſhe breaks in ſmiles.
Aloft, in air, both hats and bonnets flew;
As 'fore, the ſun, in miſts, the morning dew!
Now, ſimile, now metaphor we make;
Like wax, the King and Queen all faſhions take.
One, in the King, beholds his father's face;
One, in the Queen, his mother's ſofter grace:
From head to foot, from foot to head, again,
In every light, we view the regal train.
Some keener wags, untouch'd by royal blood,
Compare the travelling K—— to Robin Hood:
Ev n

Line 16. — .... FROM THE ARMS OF SLEEP, &c.] An Alexandrine line may ſurely be allowed, on this occaſion, to the firſt of the female line of the blood-royal.

Line 25. — FROM HEAD TO FOOT, FROM FOOT TO HEAD AGAIN!] A country gentleman, when the King was at Glouceſter, viewed him ſo attentively and frequently, that the Monarch, turning to Lord C——n, could not help obſerving, with ſome degree of ſenſibility, "I declare, he is come again!"

Ev'n ſouls which take the ſimpleſt form of phlegm,
Boaſt how they ſmile; and, ſtrange, they ſmile at them!
Poor honeſt ſouls, well may they ſmile, indeed,
To ſee ſuch crowds contend for Folly's meed!
Ev'n great grandſires, with all an artiſt's care,
Are ſeen to boaſt a *marking* likeneſs there!
So Gulliver, in Lilliput, was fed,
With pigmy ladders, pointing to his head;
A form ſo much beyond their pigmy ſpan,
They hail'd a god, or ſomewhat more than man!
An arch, triumphant, ſome with laurels make;
Which, like a trap, a cunning mouſe might take.
New pleas'd, ſome on the ſign-poſt picture gaze,
Where George, like Abraham, braves a length of days!
Where ſome great hand, to give his fancy ſcope,
In times to come, will make the K—— a P——;
Draw Saratoga's triumphs o'er the plain;
And tell, O North, the wonders of thy brain!

Some,

Line 28. — COMPARE THE TRAVELLING KING, &c.] This, we are perſuaded, was not the caſe of three perſons in the city; and his Majeſty's noble deportment on this, and, indeed, on every other, occaſion, is the fartheſt from giving any ſanction to ſo vulgar a compariſon.

Line 35. — SO GULLIVER IN LILLIPUT, &c. — Vide Dr, Swift's Voyage to Lilliput.

Some, on his coin, run all his features o'er;
Admire their like, and wonder as they pore!
A limner, here, blind Fortune's proſtrate ace,
Pants, in bright gold, to take the Monarch's face.
One only guinea, now, he brought to ſight;
And view'd, and view'd again, as well he might.
Not more was fair Eliza's picture lov'd,
When, through the ſhades, th' amorous ſtripling rov'd.
Did I not change for thee, great K——, he cries,
That little boon which nurs'd my plaintive ſighs;
Which, in bright ſtones, and brighter brilliants, ſet,
So oft has ſtood the hazard of a —— bet;
Which, next my heart, and ever in my view,
Smote me with love, and then with hunger too.
Great as thou art, thy bright career to run,
Of your's her picture brought me five for one.
Witneſs ye Powers above, who ſightleſs ſoar,
I love my K——, but love his picture more!

With

Line 62. —.... HER PICTURE BROUGHT ME FIVE FOR ONE.] He had parted with it for five guineas.

With that, three kiſſes on the gold he threw,
Which ſcarce Eliza's maiden raptures knew.
Oh! face divine, again he doleful cries,
For thee, in air-balloons, I'd 'tempt the ſkies;
Draw water, where the water ſcarcely flows;
And, for your pictures, brave as many woes!
More had he ſaid, but, ſurly in their ire,
The curſed rabble ſous'd him in the mire;
Where the ſoft Muſe, eſtrang'd to tales unclean,
Will leave the hero, and will cloſe the ſcene.

Full fourſcore years, cries Paul, through life I've paſt;
And, now, old Paul has ſeen the King, at laſt;
My tedious journey, now, methinks ſhould ceaſe;
And Paul, like Jacob, cloſe his eyes in peace.
Then, much o'ercome, his *huge round* watch he preſt;
Smooth'd his grey locks, and feebly cough'd the reſt.

Though a young duckling, callow from the ſhell,
What mighty feats of kings can't Florio tell;
What Quakers windows, and what toys he broke;
He's not quite ten, but yet a heart of oak.

Mamma, tranſported with her darling's rage,
Will make the boy an equerry or page.
Tied to a deſk, or faſter to a throne,
We'll truſt Mamma for honours to her own.

As the good Prince, in numbers paſt along,
Unhappy Phœbe mark'd him in the throng.
Like the poor dove, by felon hawks oppos'd,
To our good King, her couplets ſhe diſclos'd,
In neat white veſts; to catch the Royal Eye,
And draw a ſoft compaſſion from on high.
The one a boy, in Nature's happieſt mould,
Look'd like no common babe, in days of old!
And one a girl, but fair, in infant pride,
Play'd with the rattle, dangling by her ſide.
" Ah! Father Prince," with fault'ring voice ſhe cry'd,
" My Prince, my all, for thee in battle dy'd.
" Acroſs the ſounding main his wife he bore;
" I cloſ'd his eyes upon a hoſtile ſhore. —— ——
" Where the young ravens feed, now feed we muſt;
" Is valour bleſs'd, when proſtrate in the duſt?"

The

Line 83. — WHAT QUAKERS WINDOWS, AND WHAT TOYS HE BROKE.] This is taken from fact. A boy of this age, actually obliged an old ſtiff Quaker to illuminate upon this occaſion.

The guſhing tears her lab'ring words ſubdue;
And, on her breaſt, the pictur'd urn bedew.
The widow's groans, the orphan's plaintive wail,
A——t accurſt, ſhall mark the poet's tale.
To future years diſſect thy ſtony heart,
Thou great Achilles, in his ſavage part.

To ſhew what men, about the King, can do,
A ſimple tale I'll put before your view.
Scarce had the Monarch, from the crowd withdrawn;
And left them time to darn their tatter'd lawn:

When

Line 106. — AND, ON HER BREAST, &c.] This ſtory, I confeſs, though the caſe of many, is adapted to the Poem before us; and, as the age of the children, and the youngeſt, in particular, if too cloſely conſidered, may thwart the credit it deſerves, I muſt beg the reader to loſe ſight of the diſtance of time, at which the laſt treaty of peace was fully ratified and ſigned.

Line 110. — THOU, GREAT ACHILLES, &c.] We are happy to be informed, that his Lordſhip intends to leave a part of his fortune, to enable his executors to build a few alm's-houſes, for thoſe diſtreſſed women and children, whoſe huſbands and parents ſo unfortunately fell in the war; and, that the compunctious viſitings of nature have, at length, thawed him into ſo pious a reſolution. A brave and generous young officer, as I have heard the ſtory, who might have been ſerved by this worthy General, and was, from time to time, put off, at laſt thought of leaving the Man of Feeling, a pretty novel of that name, upon the General's eſcritoir; but which the poor fellow, to his great mortification, afterwards found had met with ſimilar ill treatment with the Bible of his Lordſhip; which, by lying upon the ſhelf, had been actually eaten through by the moths.

When a ſhrewd wit attacks the royal dome,
In words, like theſe, Is, Sir, the King at home?
At home, returns the porter, with a bow,
Sweet gentle Sir, he's hither gone, but now.
Don't ſweeten me with rage the wit replies;
I'll kiſs his hand, for all your courtier's lies.
Did I not ſee the bulls, in ſlaughter, fall?
This ſun, at noon, and hear the rabble bawl?
Did I not mark the tempeſt of your ſouls,
And, as he paſt, my trembling ——— girandoles?
If thou, thou fawning ſycophant, art right,
Then, ſay, what cloud has ta'en him from the ſight?
Has he, with diſtant comets, wander'd far?
Or ta'en an airing, Herſchal, to thy ſtar?
To ſee his cool intention thus ſucceed,
Was, to a wit, all that a wit could need.
Another came, but ſtill the ſame reply;
A courtier ne'er ſhould ſtammer at a lie;
Ne'er let untruths limp on, with aukward pace,
But, downright, bounce the falſehood in your face.

As

Line 128. — .... HERSCHAL, TO THY STAR.] The ſtar, lately diſcovered by that philoſopher; and, in honour of his Majeſty, denominated the Georgian Sidus.

As fierce Achilles, to Patroclus' ſhade,
With honours great his warm affections paid;
As Troy's great Prince, at great Aceſte's iſle,
With various games, made all the old men ſmile;
The rev'rend Magi of the city wait,
To hail the King, in games of royal ſtate!

Whoe'er, on ſceptre ſhort, could catch the ball,
Nor once, in twelve, e'er let the iv'ry fall;
Who beſt on one foot hop, or run on two,
Divines or laymen, both ſhould have their due.
What maid could hide a Turkiſh ſlipper beſt,
Should, from the King, receive her ſpouſal gueſt;
A tender ſwain, who'll legal own her ſway,
And gently fetch, and carry, like her Tray:

Who,

Line 140. — TO HAIL THE KING, IN GAMES OF ROYAL STATE.] Unleſs the reader ſhould have a tolerable conception of the games in the Iliad or Æneid, I do not expect he will reap much ſatisfaction from the peruſal of theſe. There are very few, however, I dare ſay, even of my female readers, but who have ſome conception of their alluſion. A diſſertation, in this place, on the games of antiquity, I am afraid, would encroach too much on the patience of the reader. Referring him, therefore, to Kennet and Potter, for theſe particulars, I ſhall firſt obſerve, that it is the remark of Dr. Arbuthnot, that nothing goes down to poſterity ſo uncorrupted as the games of children: Thoſe of men he might likewiſe have included, I think, under the head of this obſervation.

What Juſtice beſt the game of cricket play,
A bat, and not a ſcale, our judge repay.
From Birmingham's bright mint the ſage ſhould fleece
His father's actions in a half-crown piece:
Some artiſt's hand engrave its ſilver charms;
And one ſide ſpeak his deeds, and one his arms;
A barber's baſon to a helmet beat,
Should make the wiſe Malbrino quite complete.

Who, at ſnap-dragon, firſt, ſhould graſp the prize,
To vaſt preferment in the ſtate ſhould riſe;
In Dreſden plates, autumnal nect'rine's bear;
And win ſome dame, like Perditta, the fair:
Who beſt the Court, or Court-day airs aſſume,
With ſtudded ſtars, a peacock's ſpreading plume;
Feathers, which round the world with Cooke have been,
And hung the bride-bed of ſome Indian queen.

What married man beſt plays the game of gooſe,
From his dear curdled ſpouſe, his bonds ſhould looſe.
All future ſtrife the hen-peck'd huſband flee,
And curtain-lectures yield, great King, to thee.

With frequent knocks, I heard the Town-Hall roar;
With feather'd ſhuttle-cock, and battle-door.
K—— G——, on new-coin'd guineas, meets the gales;
Aloud ſome call on heads and ſome on tails.
While, thus, bold Bloods the noon-day ſun out-face,
Twelve crab-ſtick bailiffs guard the city-mace;
Oft do they pauſe, oft ſnuff the empty air,
Poor rogues, to ſee if Barrington be there.
Tee-totum here, with charms of iv'ry white,
Like ſome ſcarce relic 's brought to pleaſe the ſight.
Around its little axis wheels the toy,
Turn'd by the grown up girl or looby boy.
Baubles and fiſh in amber vaſes ſtand,
Ready to move, as Fortune gives command;
Her fine white arm Camilla here diſplays;
Thrice ſwept the board, and won immortal bays!

Some

Line 177. — POOR ROGUES, TO SEE IF BARRINGTON BE THERE.] This is no other perſon than the celebrated George Barrington, eſq. to whoſe merit, as I am not ſufficiently acquainted with his reſpective commitments to priſon, and his eſcapes from thence, I am concerned, I cannot render all the juſtice it deſerves. Suffice it, however, to ſay, that he is the moſt ingenious of all pick-pockets; and that he is, at preſent, in Newgate; from which place, I doubt not, his great knowledge of the law will very ſpeedily enable him to eſcape.

Some in the plains of puſh-pin take delight;
And puſh, and counter-puſh, with all their might.
Two beauteous damſels and a rev'rend Dean,
For three long hours, at this ſweet ſport were ſeen;
The pins too ſmall to catch the Doctor's eye,
Were, by his bright large chryſtals, drawn anigh.
Though here, though there, as oft he puſh'd them wrong;
And, for the Dean, each damſel prov'd too ſtrong.
His chance he mourn'd, from head to foot, quite ſore,
And flounc'd his ſnuff, and ſnuff-box, on the floor.
Then ſtarting up, and running from the field,
The laughing fair ones ſaw the Doctor yield.

Some, through a pipe, make colour'd ſoap-ſuds riſe;
And hoot each glaſſy bubble, as it flies!
One whips a gig, through Severn's ſilver bounds;
And one an aſs, the G———s bugle ſounds.
Some, o'er the green, direct the flying jack;
And one, a ſimple tony, brings it back.
Here country John, as from a palſied moon,
Jumps oft, and high, in frantic rigadoon.

Here

Here men, in ſtays, without, were women ſeen,
Unlac'd for ſport; what ſport they know, I ween.
Religion, like a ruſh-light, quaſh'd her zeal;
And flaxen Suſan paus'd upon her wheel!

Now, while they talk what knights the K—— would dub,
Out rolls a cynic, ſour, his ponderous tub!
"Is there," he cries, "my friends, a vacant tomb?
"I come to meet the day of general doom.
"In courts and penſions I have had no place;
"No more will you, nor all the ſhouting race.
"What, then, do hoots and acclamations mean?
"We wiſh no jaundice, and we dread the ſpleen.
"Go home, go home, your tongues are bliſter'd o'er;
"And throats, and ſtomachs too, ere this, are ſore."
Scarce had he ſpoke, when brands with hiſſing noiſe,
Fly from the arms of men and weaker boys.

Line 210. — AND FLAXEN SUSAN PAUS'D UPON HER WHEEL.] Atque Ixionæi cantu rota conſtitit orbis. — GEORGIC IV.

Line 212. — OUT ROLLS A CYNIC, SOUR, HIS PONDEROUS TUB.] This cynic, in Lucian, is no other perſon than Diogenes himſelf. I do not wiſh to diſfigure the page, with a Greek quotation, or I would, with pleaſure, preſent the reader with this paſſage at length.

Without his tub, he flies before the wind;
As, in the rutting time, the ſwifter hind.
Cloſe at his heels the thund'ring mob purſue;
His jacket lace, and paint his eyes with blue.
The K—— aveng'd, the mob return, with joy;
Each boy a man, and ev'ry man a boy.
Now large libations, to the K—— they make;
And into ſongs of jovial diſcord break.
The Rhadamanti of the City meet;
And ſage, ſagacious, Minos takes his ſeat.
Around the board, where turtle flam'd with ſpice,
I ſaw the Judge in legal knowledge nice.
From puddings ſweet his ev'ry reaſon came;
And thoughts of fire, that ſcorch'd his wig with flame.
The bull's great hide the ſpacious hall adorns;
And, now, my Muſe will leave them with the horns.

Line 235. — FROM PUDDINGS SWEET HIS EV'RY REASON CAME.] Raiſin and reaſon, when written, form but a very deſpicable pun; they muſt, however, be allowed to paſs muſter.

END of CANTO II.

CANTO III.

WHATE'ER, O Poesy, was first thy state,
A wren-like comfort is the Poet's fate;
Who flits in Hospitality's great hall;
And tastes the crumbs, as flatt'ring Timons call.
Thus, in short chirps, each Muse in anguish sings,
Nor dares the bold expansion of her wings;
Sees rising cares oppress the nobler mind;
And all her wishes *shiv'ring* in the wind.
Hemmed in by thick, and black, embattl'd cares,
Who talks of bliss, within this vale of tears?
Oh say, fair Hope, deluder of my pain,
Shall I the dear, ambrosial, draughts attain?
For all these lavish praises on the Court,
Ensure encomium, and induce support?
Drink, from its source, pure —— Malmsey as it flows;
And, in deep butts of Lethe, steep my woes?

Oh

Oh thou, who deign'ſt my darkneſs to illume;
And, ſlip-ſhod, cheers thy hapleſs ſick man's room;
Oh wing, fair Muſe, each arrow to its height;
And teach your wand'ring Mendicant to write.

But come, my friends, we'll chaſe this lab'ring ſigh;
No houſehold goods, nor gods, thank God, have I.
Like Pitt's great ſire, or that great Greek ſo juſt,
To ſerve my K——, I pawn'd my goods, on truſt.

Soon as from ſleep the mutt'ring crowds awake,
Again, ding dong, the tick'liſh ſteeples ſhake.
Beneath the bells, the lab'ring ringers ſweat;
All Nature ſmiles, and none but cynics fret:

And, now, prepar'd, the Corporation wait;
Great awful taſk, to bear the ſword of ſtate!

Oh

Line 18. — AND, SLIP-SHOD, CHEERS THY HAPLESS SICK MAN'S ROOM.] The author was not only reſtricted, in the compoſition of this Poem, in reſpect to time, but frequently laboured, while about it, under indiſpoſitions which Apollo himſelf, by no powers of medicine, could have removed: nor is it a circumſtance of exaggeration to declare, that he believes, in his ſituation, at that period, very few could have emitted a ſingle ray of poetical inſpiration.

Line 23. — . . . . OR THAT GREAT GREEK SO JUST.] Ariſtides, whoſe method of canvaſſing and voting ought to have been an example to all poſterity, eſpecially to our citizens at the Weſtminſter election.

Oh ſhould they fall, while thus along they drone;
And, while they grace one crown, ſhould crack their own.
What direful omens would the deed portend,
And what fair Muſe would ſing ſo mean an end?
For this, fair winds and breezes they invoke;
Cheer each, in turn, and their ſad boſoms ſtroke.
Nay more, two quart decanters well they trounce,
Of port was one and one of cherry bounce.
Like them, the Trojan, from his galley, gave
His thumping goblets to the briny wave;
For this, like him, they careful hoiſt their ſails;
And gave the State's great veſſel to the gales!

Echo, this day, has ta'en the ſwallow's wing;
And here, and there, repeats the King, the King!

Around

Line 39.— LIKE THEM THE TROJAN, FROM HIS GALLEY, GAVE.]

Tum pater Anchiſes magnum cratera corona
Induit, impleyitque mero, diyoſque vocavit
Stans celſa in puppi:
Dii mares, et terræ, tempeſtatumque potentes,
Ferte viam vento facilem, et ſpirate ſecundi. — ÆNEID III.

Around the Town-hall flits, in various ways;
And forms, to Fancy's ear, a vocal maze!
The King, the King, a thouſand voices cry;
The King the trays of bright Japan reply.
A ſilver cup, by ſome Judean ſtole,
Now, ſpoke the King, as with a living ſoul.
The robber left, as in a maze, indeed;
Reveals, at once, the agent and the deed.
Thus, let an echo teach what virtue ought;
And ſhew, that ſin, like ſilver's dearly bought.
The thief ſecur'd, the City banners fly;
And, ſtill more fair, beneath a purple ſky!
Not ſuch as on the heights of great Quebec,
The ſoul of Wolfe could e'er with glory deck;
Not ſuch as flew in England's late alarms;
But whole and tight, they boaſt unfading charms!
So great, that ſcarce three men each burden bear;
And ſpeak three times as many tailors there!
Two infant boys, like Cupids, charm the ſight,
And grace the train, like lanterns, to a kite.

Two

Line 63. — TWO INFANT BOYS, LIKE CUPIDS, CHARM THE SIGHT.] His Majeſty, whoſe real generoſity is ever ready to diſplay itſelf, very indulgently ſent for theſe children;

Two Knights, who ne'er could wield a bodkin's blade,
Or ſaw ev'n ſteel, beyond an awl in trade:
On two dun mares, or rather cows, they ſeem'd;
Pois'd the vaſt ſpears, which peaceful ſplendour beam'd.
In vain, their rank the muſing Bard inquires;
Or knows to deem them Knights, or nought but 'Squires.
From windows high, the ladies ſtrew the ſtreet
With flow'rs, with leaves, and ev'ry thing that's ſweet.
Faſt on the ribbon'd Knights they feaſt their eyes;
Ev'n thoſe fair dames a ſtory next the ſkies;
Now, at the Hall arriv'd, with golden boughs,
Each Criſpin pays to G——— obſequious vows.

Firſt

dren; and when they appeared in the palace, after making them kiſs his hand, diſmiſſed them with a very handſome preſent of five guineas to each.

Line 65. — TWO KNIGHTS, WHO NE'ER COULD WIELD A BODKIN'S BLADE.] Theſe knights were no more than a ſhoe-maker's apprentices, who were dreſſed up, upon this occaſion, in all that tawdry apparel, which perſons of the loweſt ſphere of life, when they would imitate the grandeur of their ſuperiors, generally aſſume. As a farther ſpecimen of the farce, I ſhould not omit to mention, that their horſes, which verily required a goad, like oxen, were, as a mark of honour, led by a couple of equerries.

Line 76. — EACH CRISPIN PAYS TO GEORGE OBSEQUIOUS VOWS.] As the King went into the Town-hall, theſe knights of St. Criſpin ſaluted him in the manner here mentioned; but the Monarch, who had been accuſtomed to ſomething better, at Blackheath and Finchly-Common, did not, at firſt, know how to treat this awkward attempt

at

First dropt their ſwords, and, as the Monarch paſt,
They broke their boughs, which at his feet they caſt;
But much the marv'lling mob, with groans, it grieves,
To ſee the glitt'ring foliage ſoil its leaves.
For, tho' the K—— deſerv'd what K—— could do,
A nice regard was paid to profit too:
Theſe boughs, which now the Knights profuſely break,
Might ſure have deckt a wedding or a wake.
Cloſe by the mace ſecur'd, when levy fails,
Might ſtrew the future K——, now Prince of Wales.
Such conduct ſore call'd forth the cry of ſhame;
Believe me, Sirs, the Knights were much to blame.

Now, in the Hall of Juſtice ſtands the K——;
Of this and that they talk, and, ſome, they ſing;
But much it touch'd his ſoul, to hear the crowd,
Shout, after ſhout, ſuch ſhoutings ſend ſo loud.
He waves his hand, he graceful blows his noſe;
And ſee what wonder, through the circle, glows!
Thus,

at military honour; and, though he ſmiled with a degree of complacency, he was not much leſs ſurpriſed than if the Monument or Weſtminſter-bridge had been ready to fall in ruins about him! Of theſe Criſpins, there goes about a ſort of legendary tale, that being the ſons of a king, and exiled, they at laſt, by way of ſupport, got footing in a ſhoe-maker's ſhop. It, however, deſerves no manner of credit, and is a notion that only helps to feed the vanity of the trade.

Thus, all the day, our ears their ſhoutings bore;
As if great G——— had made the Dragon roar.
A cup they bring, but ſi i'twas rough with gold,
Some knowing Muſe ſhall, one day, yet unfold.
With foaming wine, behold it ſparkles o'er;
And G——— drank now, as ne'er he drank before!
Send us, great Sire, the May'r and Brethren cry,
Yourſelf, at length, with robes of Tyrian dye.
Though ſhut before, their mouths were open'd now;
Well warm'd with wine, each makes the Prince's bow.
With cap in hand, and gown tuck'd up behind,
Each manly ruler ſpeaks his manly mind:

Of

Line 96.— AS IF GREAT GEORGE HAD MADE THE DRAGON ROAR.] St. George's fighting with a dragon, ſays Burnet, in the Hiſtory of the Reformation, looked like a legend forged in dark ages, to ſupport the humours of chivalry, then very high in the world. The ſtory was neither credible in itſelf, nor vouched by any good author.

Line 100. — AND GEORGE DRANK NOW, AS NE'ER HE DRANK BEFORE.] His Majeſty was moſt graciouſly pleaſed to drink to the Mayor and Corporation of Worceſter, in a glaſs, not of claret, but mountain wine; which, he aſſured them, was what he had ſcarcely ever before, in the morning, done in his life.

Line 102. — YOURSELF AT LENGTH, &c.] The King requeſting them to make him any application it was in his power to grant, they very properly returned the compliment, by ſaying, that they had but one, and that was to ſolicit that the Royal Portrait, in court robes, might, in future, be placed, with the Sovereigns, in the Town-hall.

Line 104. — THE PRINCE'S BOW.] For this, we refer our reader to Mr. Bunbury's inimitable print, where all ranks, and all ſizes, are repreſented, in the midſt of making their beſt attempts.

Of Perrywood, and mitr'd Biſhops, ſpeak;
And how Pretenders play'd at hide and ſeek.
But, as each bull's great horn, inglory, glares,
The Monarch hop'd thoſe horns were none of theirs.
Oh! laughing Charles, with flaſhes ſuch as thine,
Sweet, luſcious, joys bright crown'd the Royal wine.
Charles W——s *kneel*, aloud the Monarch cries;
And *up*, again, Sir T—b—w W——s riſe.
Sly Echo heard, and with a heart-felt ſigh replies.
No ſorrow here diſpers'd a broad diſgrace,
But, like the mooh, ſhone full each vacant face.

This ſcene now o'er, they other joys purſue,
To make each reed and bull-ruſh loyal too.
A poſt they found, that pointed different ways;
And that poor three-hand poſt they hang with bays.
Like frantic pilgrims, to a land divine,
Around they flock, to kiſs the rev'rend ſhrine!

The

Line 106, —Of Perrywood,] Mr. Ecchard, the Hiſtorian, has been ſo credulous as to give into a popular piece of ſuperſtition, and to make this place the ſcene of an interview between the Devil and Oliver Cromwell.

Line 110. —Oh! laughing Charles.] Charles the Second.

The great black ram, which long in paſtures fair,
Had thought himſelf the reigning Monarch there;
For thee, O K——, upon the altar ſlain,
Of ewes behind him leaves a widow'd train.

From loftier thoughts, deſcend aſpiring Muſe,
To ſing, this day, the griefs of little Shoes;
How the ſad rats around her bacon ran;
And rats they were, for Shoes ne'er knew a man.
How, in the courſe of one revolving night,
They eat, they mumbl'd, on her heart's delight.
Long had ſhe kept the well cur'd flitch in view,
Becauſe the K—— was fond of bacon too.
For this fat loyal junk of all the year,
Our Goody Two-Shoes dropt the parting tear;
And one, poor Shoes, for thee the Muſe commands,
While ſhoes ſhall live, or Shoes's cottage ſtands.

Young Nixon, now, from direful dreams awoke;
But ſoon he ſtopp'd, for ſoon his head was broke.
Another youth ſpake loud of wond'rous things;
They heard him out; he prais'd the Brunſwick kings:
Convuls'd, at length, like Chatham, in our cauſe,
His laſt poor whiffs of breath the prophet draws.

Some,

Some, in a garland, find the fatal nooſe;
And ſome, in houſes mad, their bonds unlooſe.
To ſee the King, the king of ſtraw comes forth,
And is, himſelf next heir, great G——— the Fourth!
Around he calls his peers, his peers in vain
Swell the mean court, and page the mimic train;
Three *cable* chains the maniac king confound;
And, like the waves of Styx, remurmur round.
While feather'd joys ſtrike loud their ſilver chimes,
Out comes a hero, to reform the times.
The crowd, dividing, ſaw the monſter paſs,
Another Aſtley, pois'd upon an ——— aſs.
A cap of jingling bells his forehead wore;
A ſlabber'd bib dropt greaſy down before;
From a deep canker'd voice, we heard him bray,
" I come the politician of the day.
" Dapple out-ran her ſhoes upon the road,
" To bring you news, great news, rare news abroad!

" I

Line 149. — AND, LIKE THE WAVES OF STYX, REMURMUR ROUND.]

Fata obſtant, triſtique palus innabilis unda
Alligat, et novies Styx interfuſa coercet. — ÆNEID VI.

——— triſtique palus innabilis unda
Alligat, et novies Styx interfuſa coercet. — GEORG. Lib. IV.

" I ſmoke diſaſter in each heav'nly ſigh;
" And this black coming year of eighty-nine.
" By my divining art, what don't I ſee?
" Courage, my boys, be wiſe and follow me."

Why ſhould the Muſe the deeds of fools rehearſe;
Or farther ſing of goſlings in her verſe;
Hiſs me, Apollo, from thy ſacred fane,
If e'er, in ſacrifice, thy rites I ſtain.
To fools alone thy wheaten cake decline;
And, what ſtill more they love, thy vintage wine.
But deſp'rate Folly no diſtinction knows;
And bards muſt ſtrike the bubble as it flows.
Proceed great Prince, from town to townſhip rove;
With ev'ry city mayor be hand and glove.
Next, ſhalt thou go to Salop's Time-torn tow'rs;
Or where, in bogs of filth, old Briſtol low'rs.
For there Ann Yearſly ſhall again commence
A war of ſtrange preverted common ſenſe:

To

Line 173-—WITH EV'RY CITY MAYOR BE HAND AND GLOVE.] The late Mayor of Worceſter is by profeſſion, a glover; though it is ſaid he now intends to take down the ſign.

Line 176.—FOR, THERE, ANN YEARSLY, &c.] Had Mrs. Yearſly been any one elſe than a milkwoman, notwithſtanding all that has been ſaid of her Poems, they would

To royal ears beat up her *addl'd* vows;
And churn thee rhymes, like butter from her cows:
Theſe honours, which around the country draw,
For ever hence ſhall be a cruſt to chaw.
This to each child ſhall future grandames tell;
Who, for an inch of truth, ſhall take an ell.
In ſage red cloak, ſpeak of this King of old;
And gild each baby's gingerbread with gold.

And yet, oh Muſe, from thy dear parent wing
Weave me a wreath, to deck this honour'd King.
What, though my ſong her pointed ſneers impart;
Thy fooliſh people draw th' invenom'd dart.

Ev'n

never have borne a ſerious peruſal. The ill timed commendations, however, that have been beſtowed upon them, have occaſioned the loweſt mechanics of that city, like the fiſherman of Petrarch, to dream on Parnaſſus. The verſes I ſaw of the pipe-maker, I thought, poſſeſt a much greater degree of merit, as did thoſe of a bricklayer, who brought his, in manuſcript, into the bookſeller's ſhop, in the Abbey-Green, at Bath, one day, when I happened to be there. When I was at Major H——'s houſe, for a few weeks, at Cliſton, about two years ago, I was deſired to look over thoſe of a certain gardener, of the ſame place, who, ſeized with the *cacoethes ſcribendi*, was then ready to preſent them to the public. A very ſuperficial view of theſe, however, convinced me, that the gardener would never arrive to the honour of either the laurel or the bays. Upon returning them to him, I gave him a trifling preſent, which, for a poet, was really very handſome; but I was much ſurprized to ſee his looks of diſcontent, and have, ever ſince, thought it a pity, that Mrs. Yearſly and the gardener didnot employ their talents to a more laudable purpoſe.

Ev'n now, methinks, I ſee thy royal hands
Unbar the jail, and burſt the debtors' bands;
Midſt dregs of care, diſpenſe a peaceful leaven;
And come a ſecond Gabriel, freſh from heaven!

But ſoft, what rays of glory fire my ſight;
What cherub hand has burſt the gates of light!
Our Seventh Harry, o'er the flood, appears;
And backward rolls the orb of mighty years.
Freſh, from the Severn's wave, his roſes grew;
And all the honours of his head renew!
Now ſcarce he ſeems beyond his manly prime;
And, graceful, bears the mellow'd tints of time;
His ſtudded garments, of the ruff'd Vandyke,
And mirror veſt, in gold and purple ſtrike.!
His dazzling crown upon his temples ſhook;
And thus his voice, in fault'ring accents broke;
" From the dark chambers of the grave I ſteal,
" To heal the wounds of Britain's commonweal.
" I've ſeen our treaſures pour'd on barren plains,
" Where ev'ry dog of war in triumph reigns.

Not

" Not ſo, by me, were armies underſtood;
" I priz'd my treaſures as I priz'd my blood.
" As long to heav'n as man ſhall pay his vows,
" So long may deadly night ſhades hide your H——s.
" I ſaw Sir W——m's frauds to greatneſs grow;
" And frauds and perjuries too well I know.
" What though his troops ne'er *pounc'd* upon their prey,
" His counters more ſecurely won the day.
" This realm a gambling ſenator ſhall blot;
" And light the train of ev'ry Powder-plot.

" Long

Line 211.—I PRIZ'D MY TREASURES AS I PRIZ'D MY BLOOD.] The penurioufneſs of this Monarch, notwithſtanding the encomiums of Lord Bacon, who has drawn a very flattering likeneſs of him, was certainly very great. By this means, he left his ſon and ſucceſſor, Harry the Eighth, vaſt treaſures in his coffers, who, nevertheleſs, afterwards, took care to diſpatch both Empſon and and Dudley, who had been the principal perſons to ſcrape them together.

Line 216.—WHAT THOUGH HIS TROOPS NE'ER POUNC'D UPON THEIR PREY.] Sir W—— H——'s tenderneſs for his enemies throughout the war, and palpably neglecting to ſtrike a deciſive blow, has been an old ſubject of animadverſion, and the occaſion of ſome very well written letters, in the public papers, during this fatal conteſt.

Line 217.—HIS COUNTERS, &c.] Many officers, by the Commander in Chief ſetting the example of inordinate love of play, were likewiſe fleeced of their all. This was a circumſtance which he was never able to palliate.

Line 219.—AND LIGHT THE TRAIN OF EV'RY POWDER PLOT.] A few days ago, my curioſity led me to view a houſe, within three miles of Worceſter, inveſted by a

clump

" Long have I mark'd the Brawler's troubl'd ſoul ;
" His dark black aim, and tether of his goal.
" Oh hapleſs Britain, torn by loud alarms,
" Queen of the world, where now thy boaſted charms !
" Oh ſay, don't ſome frail virtues yet endure,
" To keep, my ſons, our rival roſes pure ?
" In concord let our civil foes unite ;
" So great an oppoſition ne'er was right.
" What, though of ruin talk ſome puny elves ;
" A wiſe man ſhall command the ſtars themſelves !

" Ne'er

clump of old cotemporary trees, three or four miles off Worceſter, which Dr. Naſh, in his Hiſtory of the county, ſpeaks of pretty largely ; and aſſures us, was the aſylum which ſecreted the contrivers of the Powder Plot, on the memorable Fifth of November, in the reign of James the Firſt. Though the Doctor is elaborate on this ſubject, we were permitted to ſee nothing more than a few old Vandyke paintings, below ſtairs, the perſon who ſhewed us the rooms very peremptory, though erroneouſly, inſiſting, that the Doctor was miſtaken in the other particulars which he had advanced.—It has an air of antiquity, encloſes a piece of ground, like a ſet of cloiſters, and appears in every reſpect a very proper place for the contrivance of ſo deſperate an enterprize.

Line 227. — So GREAT AN OPPOSITION NE'ER WAS RIGHT.] Old Harry here ſpeaks like a politician ; and, knowing the nature of the Engliſh conſtitution, makes this inference, that, though ſome ſort of oppoſition to the meaſures of Government, to preſerve the liberties of the people, may be undoubtedly right ; yet all that brawling, which paſſes under it, ſo far from effecting any thing laudable, is entirely ſubverſive of all law, all order, and indeed of every generous purpoſe.

Line 229 — A WISE MAN SHALL COMMAND THE STARS THEMSELVES.] Why then, perhaps, the reader exclaims, are ſo many wiſe and good men ſuffering under the influence

" Ne'er ſink to fate, but riſe above it high;
" And, like a comet, warm each diſtant ſky!
" Beneath a Pitt what honours deck'd your train!
" Another Pitt thoſe ſpoils ſhall reap again!
" What made rough Warwick Kings and Queens depoſe,
" But ſoul ſuperior to his puny foes!
" What made myſelf the wav'ring ſceptre hold,
" But ſoul ſubjected to a happier mould!
" If then true courage all your ſoul ſublimes,
" You'll riſe ſuperior to the worſt of times!"
Now, far above the flood the Monarch roſe;
And now a glitt'ring, bright, arch-angel glows!
To conſcious planets were his accents thrown;
And æther, fring'd with gold, compos'd his throne.
Suns of all beams his burning temples bear;
Like the rich ſapphires of Aurora's ſphere;
When, in wild freaks, her luſtres hang the ſky,
Chaſing the night ſhades from her ſparry eye!

Around

of unhappy ſtars; which, however, though not eaſily anſwered, will never get the better of another general poſition, equally uſeful and moral, that labour and exertion will overcome misfortune and diſappointment; and, that " Poſſunt, quia poſſe videntur," is an obſervation of Virgil every way juſt.

Around an orient bluſh illumines night;
And all his viſage flaſh'd indignant light!
The Genius of the ſtars his ſpirit threw,
Soothing Night's ſable with an Iris hue!
Then thus, with livlier action, livlier look,
His golden ſource of words their torrent took:
" No kingdom, girted by the ſilver ſea,
" E'er ſhone, in *charter'd rights*, O realm, like thee!
" To Freedom, then, erect the ſculptur'd buſt;
" Nor lay a King's prerogative in duſt.
" If loud this regal government you blame,
" Who then were Kings before the Georges' came?
" My ſon, for one, who with tremendous rod,
" To keep his own, broke all the rights of God!
" What e'en was William, till his bills gave way;
" And Freedom ſhone in bright meridian day!
" Then bleſs, my ſons, your George's ſofter reign;
" Nor call old Harry from the ſhades in vain.
" By old experience taught, in time, be wiſe;
" So ſhall a ſhatter'd realm to grandeur riſe;

Line 261. — To KEEP HIS OWN, BROKE ALL THE RIGHTS OF GOD.] It is needleſs to remind my reader, that Harry the Eighth was, in every ſenſe of the word, a tyrant; and I am certain, if he is a papiſt, he will fully acquieſce in the propriety of this line.

" Each happy peaſant reap ſome little field;
" And Malvern Hills to cultivation yield!
" Down Severn's ſtream the tuneful cygnets glide;
" And Bridgwater's canals be open'd wide:
" Then ſhall thy oak, O Charles, advance his head;
" And future Kings and future Princes ſhade!
" When all the nation's debt at length is paid,
" And all the common coſt of court defray'd;
" When Virtue rules again the lib'ral mind;
" Nor Lawyers baſe the hood-wink'd Judge unblind;
" When grave Divines forſake their different goals,
" And have one only care, the care of ſouls;
" When Phyſic for her nameleſs ills attones,
" And ſtrips no more the fleſh from off the bones;

" Then

Line 269. — AND MALVERN HILLS TO CULTIVATION YIELD!] Malvern, ſeven miles from Worceſter, is a great and conſpicuous object; and poſſeſſes, I am informed, a great deal of valuable marble, but it never has yet been rendered of general uſe. The proſpect is one of the fineſt I ever ſaw.

Line 271. — AND BRIDGWATER'S CANALS, &c.] I am happy, that an opportunity occurs of paying a compliment to the proprietor of ſo invaluable a work of art. I never ſaw them till very lately, but the patience and aſſiduity here diſplayed is well worthy of Roman commendation.

Line 277. — NOR LAWYERS BASE THE HOODWINK'D JUDGE UNBLIND.] To reconcile this line to modern apprehenſion, the reader muſt recollect, that the ancient figure of Juſtice was repreſented with a bandage before her eyes.

" Then ſhall this oak forſake this rough domain ;
" And come, like Birnam-wood, to Dunſinane !
" Then ſhall the foreſt trees, in joyous trance,
" Untwiſt their roots, and form a myſtic dance !
" Then ſhall each Prince, the ſport of wave and wind,
" A flying Italy in Britain find !
" Beneath our palms weave oft his myrtle bands,
" And purchaſe here his dear paternal lands :
" His herds, his flocks, his little babes increaſe;
" May-flow'rs he'll plat, and ſwell the reed of peace.
" The Thames, the Trent, the brawling Severn ſmile,
" And pour the treaſures of the floods of Nile !
" The colour'd bow the concave æther ſpan !
" And God appear in covenant with man;
" Then ſhall ——" But here the bulky Phantom broke;
My eyes ſtruck fire, and ev'ry member ſhook !
But ſtill my ears the ſweet impreſſion felt
And on the charms of melting muſic dwelt !

Thus

Line 287. — A FLYING ITALY IN BRITAIN FIND.]
— — — dum per mare magnum,
Italiam ſequimur fugientem, et volvimur undis. — ÆNEID V.

Line 294. — THE COLOUR'D BOW.] See the ninth chapter of the Book of Geneſis.

Thus did old Lancaſter each ſenſe confound;
And, ſinking, flooded all the country round!

Line 301 — AND, SINKING, FLOODED ALL THE COUNTRY ROUND.]. All our Hiſtorians mention a moſt wonderful flood of the Severn, in the year 1484; which was ſuch an inundation, as to carry away men, women, and children. This was called the Duke of Buckingham's water; becauſe he lay with an army of Welch, ready to march againſt Richard the Third, and was ſtopped by it; being ſo ſudden, as, in one night's time, to render paſſage every where impoſſible. His men, for want of proviſions and pay, deſerted him. This providential deluge ſeated Richard in his uſurped dominion, from which the Duke was preparing to diſlodge him.

The loyalty of Worceſter to King Henry the Seventh was very near drawing upon it the ſevereſt calamities. Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother, and Lord Lovel, having eſcaped from the ſanctuary at Colcheſter, raiſed a rebellion: and, while Lord Lovel, at the head of three or four thouſand men, advanced to ſurprize York, where the King then was, the two Staffords marched, with what force they could collect, to attack the city of Worceſter. Lovel miſcarried by his own cowardice: he deſerted his camp; and all his thouſands, upon offer of the King's pardon, made a ſurrender of their arms and diſperſed.

GREEN'S SURVEY OF WORCESTER, p. 200.

For the ſame event, we have the authority of our old faithful and divine Shakeſpear; who, by the mouth of Ratcliffe, in the laſt ſcene of act the fourth of Richard III. ſpeaks thus:

" My Lord, the army of great Buckingham,
" By ſudden floods, and falls of water,
" Is half loſt and ſcatter'd;
" And he himſelf wander'd away alone,
" No man knows whither."

THE END.